

Scii. Heare me, People peace.
All. Let's here our Tribune: peace, speake, speake, speake.
Scii. You are at point to lose your Liberties: *Martius* would haue all from you; *Martius*, Whom late you haue nam'd for Confull.
Mene. Fic, sic, sic, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.
Sena. To vnbuild the Citie, and to lay all flat.
Scii. What is the Citie, but the People?
All. True, the People are the Citie.
Brut. By the consent of all, we were establish'd the Peoples Magistrates.
All. You so remaine.
Mene. And so are like to doe.
Com. That is the way to lay the Citie flat, To bring the Roofe to the Foundation, And burie all, which yet distinctly raunges In heapes, and piles of Ruine.
Scii. This deserues Death.
Brut. Or let vs stand to our Authoritie, Or let vs lose it: we doe here pronounce, Vpon the part o'th' People, in whose power We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy Of present Death.
Scii. Therefore lay hold of him: Beare him toth' Rock Tarpeian, and from thence Into destruction cast him.
Brut. *Adiles* seize him.
All Ple. Yeeld *Martius*, yeeld.
Mene. Heare me one word, 'beseech you Tribunes, heare me but a word.
Adiles. Peace, peace.
Mene. Be that you seeme truly your Countries friend, And temporarily proceed to what you would Thus violently redresse.
Brut. Sir, those cold wayes, That seeme like prudent-helpe, are very poysonous, Where the Disease is violent. Lay hands vpon him, And beare him to the Rock. *Corio. drawes his Sword.*
Corio. No, Ile die here:
 There's some among you haue beheld me fighting, Come trie vpon your selues, what you haue scene me.
Mene. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw a while.
Brut. Lay hands vpon him.
Mene. Helpe *Martius*, helpe: you that be noble, helpe him young and old.
All. Downe with him, downe with him. *Exeunt.*
In this Mutinie, the Tribunes, the Adiles, and the People are beat in.
Mene. Goe, get you to our House: be gone, away, All will be naught else.
2. Sena. Get you gone.
Com. Stand fast, we haue as many friends as enemies.
Mene. Shall it be put to that?
Sena. The Gods forbid:
 I prythee noble friend, home to thy House, Leau vs to cure this Cause.
Mene. For 'tis a Sore vpon vs, You cannot Tent your selfe: be gone, 'beseech you.
Corio. Come Sir, along with vs.
Mene. I would they were Barbarians, as they are, Though in Rome litter'd as not Romans, as they are not, Though calu'd ith' Porch o'th' Capitoll:
 Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,

One time will owe another.
Corio. On faire ground, I could beat fortie of them.
Mene. I could my selfe take vp a Brace o'th' best of them, yea, the two Tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis oddes beyond Arithmetick, And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it stands Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence, Before the Tagge returne? whose Rage doth rend Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare What they are vs'd to beare.
Mene. Pray you be gone:
 Ile trie whether my old Wit be in request With those that haue but little: this must be patcht With Cloth of any Colour.
Com. Nay, come away. *Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*
Patri. This man ha's marr'd his fortune.
Mene. His nature is too noble for the World: He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident, Or *Ioue*, for's power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth: What his Brest forges, that his Tongue must vent, And being angry, does forget that euer He heard the Name of Death. *A Noise within.*
Patri. I would they were a bed.
Mene. I would they were in Tyber.
 What the vengeance, could he not speake 'em faire?
Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble againe.
Sicini. Where is this Viper, That would depopulate the city, & be euery man himselfe? *Mene.* You worthy Tribunes.
Sicini. He shall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock With rigorous hands: he hath resisted Law, And therefore Law shall scorne him further Triall Then the feuerity of the publike Power, Which he so sets at naught.
1 Cit. He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are The peoples mouths, and we their hands.
All. He shall sure ont.
Mene. Sir, sir. *Sicini.* Peace.
Me. Do not cry hauocke, where you shold but hunt With modest warrant.
Sicini. Sir, how com'st that you haue holpe To make this rescue?
Mene. Heere me speake? As I do know The Consuls worthinesse, so can I name his Faults.
Sicini. Confull? what Confull?
Mene. The Confull *Coriolanus*.
Brut. He Confull.
All. No, no, no, no, no.
Mene. If by the Tribunes leaue, And yours good people, I may be heard, I would craue a word or two, The which shall turne you to no further harme, Then so much losse of time.
Sic. Speake breefely then, For we are peremptory to dispatch This Viporous Traitor: to elect him hence Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere Our certaine death: therefore it is decreed, He dyes to night.
Mene. Now the good Gods forbid, That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude Towards her deserued Children, is enroll'd In Ioues owne Booke, like an vnaturall Dam Should now eate vp her owne.

Sicini. He's a Disease that must be cut away.
Mene. On he's a Limbe, that ha's but a Disease Mortall, to cut it off: to cure it, easie.
 What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death? Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath lost (Which I dare vouch, is more then that he hath By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country: And what is left, to loose it by his Countrey, Were to vs all that doo't, and suffer it A brand to th'end a'th World.
Sicini. This is cleane kamme.
Brut. Meerely awry:
 When he did loue his Country, it honour'd him.
Mene. The seruice of the foote Being once gangren'd, is not then respected For what before it was.
Brut. We'll heare no more:
 Pursue him to his house, and plucke him thence, Least his infection being of catching nature, Spred further.
Mene. One word more, one word:
 This Tiger-footed-rage, when it shall find The harme of vnscan'd swiftnesse, will (too late) Tye Leaden pounds too's heeles. Proceed by Proesse, Least parties (as he is belou'd) breake out, And sacke great Rome with Romanes.
Brut. If it were so?
Sicini. What do ye talke?
 Haue we not had a taste of his Obedience? Our Ediles smot: our selues resisted: come.
Mene. Consider this: He ha's bin bred ith' Warres Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-school'd In bould Language: Meale and Bran together He throwes without distinction. Giue me leaue, Ile go to him, and vndertake to bring him in peace, Where he shall answer by a lawfull Forne (In peace) to his vtmost perill.
1. Sen. Noble Tribunes, It is the humane way: the other course Will proue too bloody: and the end of it, Vnknewne to the Beginning.
Sic. Noble *Menenius*, be you then as the peoples officer: Masters, lay downe your Weapons.
Brut. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the Market place: we'll attend you there: Where if you bring not *Martius*, we'll proceede In our first way.
Mene. Ile bring him to you.
 Let me desire your company: he must come, Or what is worst will follow.
Sena. Pray you let's to him. *Exeunt Omnes.*
Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.
Corio. Let them pull all about mine eares, present me Death on the Wheele, or at wilde Horses heeles, Or pile ten hilles on the Tarpeian Rocke, That the precipitation might downe stretch Below the beame of fight; yet will I still Be thus to them. *Enter Volumentia.*
Noble. You do the Nobler.
Corio. I muse my Mother Do's not approue me further, who was wont To call them Wollen Vassalles, things created To buy and sell with Groats, to shew bare heads In Congregations, to yawne, be still, and wonder, When one but of my ordinance stood vp

To speake of Peace, or Warre. I talke of you, Why did you wish me milder? Would you haue me False to my Nature? Rather say, I play The man I am.

Volunt. Oh sir, sir, sir, I would haue had you put your power well on Before you had worne it out.

Corio. Let go.

Vol. You might haue beene enough the man you are, With struing lesse to be so: Lesser had bin The things of your dispositions, if You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd Ere they lack'd power to crosse you.

Corio. Let them hang.

Volunt. I, and burne too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Mene. Come, come, you haue bin too rough, something too rough: you must returne, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy, Vnlesse by not so doing, our good Citie Cleaue in the midd'l, and perish.

Volunt. Pray be counsell'd; I haue a heart as little apt as yours, But yet a braine, that leades my vse of Anger To better vantage.

Mene. Well said, Noble woman: Before he should thus stoop to th' heart, but that The violent fit a'th' time craues it as Physicke For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on, Which I can scarcely beare.

Corio. What must I do?

Mene. Returne to th' Tribunes.

Corio. Well, what then? what then?

Mene. Repent, what you haue spoke.

Corio. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods, Must I then doo't to them?

Volunt. You are too absolute, Though therein you can neuer be too Noble, But when extremities speake. I haue heard you say, Honor and Policy, like vnseuer'd Friends, I'th' Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me In Peace, what each of them by th' other loose, That they combine not there?

Corio. Tush, tush.

Mene. A good demand.

Volunt. If it be Honor in your Warres, to seeme The same you are not, which for your best ends You adopt your policy: How is it lesse or worse That it shall hold Companionship in Peace With Honour, as in Warre; since that to both It stands in like request.

Corio. Why force you this?

Volunt. Because, that Now it lyes you on to speake to th' people: Not by your owne instruction, nor by th' matter Which your heart prompts you, but with such words That are but roared in your Tongue; Though but Bastards, and Syllables Of no allowance, to your bosomes truth. Now, this no more dishonors you at all, Then to take in a Towne with gentle words, Which else would put you to your fortune, and The hazard of much blood. I would dissemble with my Nature, where My Fortunes and my Friends at stake, requir'd I should do so in Honor. I am in this

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